

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

No. 13.

American Poets.

BY MEMBERS OF THE CRITICISM CLASS.

IV.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN, LL. D.

Critics seldom agree upon the merits of a poet during his lifetime. Differences of taste, diversity of habits, dissimilarity of position, and peculiarities of disposition cause a liking for one poet and a dislike for another; yet every great poet has produced something which finds favor with everybody. While certain critics have called Dr. Egan too refined or too religious, nevertheless, many of his poems have so thoroughly captivated the public and the reviewer that they find a place among the sonnets of Keats and Wordsworth in the best English and American anthologies.

Dr. Egan is essentially a lyric poet, committing tender and noble sentiments to the most musical verse. His fame, like Gray's and Goldsmith's, does not pivot on the length and number of his songs but on the inimitable perfection with which he has painted his "little pictures." To him we may well apply what he says of Fra Angelico:

"Your heart was in your work;
You never feigned."

A clever writer in the *Lyceum* gives the following estimate of our poet:

"Dr. Egan is, to my thinking, primarily a poet. His delicate and refined criticisms, and his stories, full of a true and ennobling realism as they are, do not, it seems to me, impress the reader with such a sense of inevitableness as his poems. Moreover, the careful reader can see that if they are only 'Preludes' in name,—if no fuller music has succeeded these spring-time lyrics,—it is not from any lack of power and inspiration on the writer's part.... 'This exquisite and rare talent,' says a critic of Mr. Egan's work in *The Magazine of Poetry*, 'has been

recognized by Longfellow, Cardinal Newman, Stedman Gilder, and a host of critics, both here and in England; and yet he published on an average about one sonnet a year.' But if he so rarely visits the realms of song it is not, as I have intimated, from any failing of power, but from a conscientious belief that his wide influence is used to more advantage in other and more prosaic fields. From the drudgery indispensable to an editor's and professor's life, Dr. Egan can spare but little time to cultivate his rare and charming gifts of song."

This disregard for his divine faculty must needs make it surprising that his poetical works should be named among the best in modern literature; for do we not all fancy poets living in leisure and seclusion, and in close communion with nature, creating their soul-stirring pieces? From the moment Dr. Egan left college till now, he has always been busy as a journalist or a lecturer; and while other minds become blunted and dull under such hardships, his acquires additional vigor, which can be easily observed in the increasing polish and energy of his later poems. Despite his great merits as a writer of stories, one feels instinctively that he is at his best in the garden of the Muses. His early novels particularly develop with astonishing ingenuity a moral where nobody could expect one; his poems, however, are free from all irrelevant reflections; the selected theme is treated in the most careful and scientific manner, and each thought is expressed with the utmost conciseness and simplicity.

That our subject may be treated clearly and appreciatively, it will be convenient to consider Dr. Egan's poems under four headings: (1) Lyrics of mood and fancy; (2) Translations; (3) Sacred Hymns; (4) Sonnets on great men.

I.

His "Of Flowers" has been justly admired by all lovers of true poetry. The conception is original and ingenious, the language unaffected,

and the technique of the sonnet perfect. Scorning the use of any perplexing figures, the poet begins:

"There were no flowers till the first child died."

On reading this line one would naturally ask: "Were there no flowers in *Paradise*?" But the first line of the sextette answers the difficulty:

"For all flowers died when Eve left Paradise,
And all the world was flowerless awhile,
Until a little child was laid in earth;
Then from its grave grew violets for its eyes;
□ And from its lips rose-petals for its smiles,
And so all flowers from that child's death took birth."

If Shelley should have happened to write on the same subject, he would have surrounded his meaning with a high wall of metaphors, which could be removed only after persevering contemplation; whereas Dr. Egan's poems, pithy as they are, can never be charged with obscurity.

"The Child" gives a quaint explanation of the origin of the snowdrop. A lonely child seeking her dead mother in the wintry forest, falls asleep, and

"No loving arms were there to hold it fast,
There were no kisses for it warm and sweet;
But snowflakes, pitying, fell like frozen tears.
Then said its angel: 'Snowflakes, ye shall last
Beyond the life of snowflakes; at spring's feet
Bloom ye as flowers through all the coming years.'"

Most critics have much exalted "Between the Lights":

"In the cool, soft, fragrant summer grass,
'Mid trembling stalks of white-tipped clover,
I lie and dream, as the shadows pass
From twilight's gates the cloud-bridge over.

"Calm eve comes forth, like a timid bride,
And with shaded eyes looks on mankind;—
She looks at me, as I lounge and dream;
She builds in the sky for my delight
High-towered castles that glow and gleam
Redder than snow-crests in Northfire bright;

"She shows me Ceres, 'mid cornflowers blue,
And Pluto's bride on her throne below,
And Helen fair to her lord untrue,
Anguished and wailing in deathless woe;
Gold arabesques on a jasper ground,
Gray cameo faces, cold and grand,
Puck and Peas-blossom hovering round
Oberon and his glittering band.

"I am so idle in summer grass,
I cannot think for scent of clover;
No moral I find in the clouds that pass,
I only know that sunset's over."

It is a lay so careless, so free and independent that it could be sung by no one but a poet who sees the world without evil, and makes all around him correspond to the desires of the soul. No poet who does not raise the mind and make it feel more happy is great; and Dr. Egan evidently

has no sympathy with those pessimists who find continually reasons for complaint:

"How blind we are, how deaf, how void of sense—
The finer sense that sees the good around—
That hears the angels when there is no sound,
Finds silence music, muteness eloquence.

"Ah, if we knew ('tis seeing through a wall)
The golden art, which the great poet gave
In Arden's forest to his Jaques the grave,
Of hearing soundless words and good in all.

"We would be wiser in God's little things—
Things grand and sweet beyond mere human
speech,
So, when an angel came within our reach,
We'd hear the benediction of his wings."

For boldness and ardor of imagination the first and last stanza challenge comparison with Poe and Keats.

Even in an elegy he is far from counselling sorrow; nay, more: he forbids us to seek relief in vain lamentations. Witness the consoling strains of the following rondeau "From the Grave," and note the really exquisite lines in the second stanza:

"Weep not for me, O tender heart!
Thou know'st my wish that all thy part
In life should be a happy way,
As sunlit as a summer day.
Weep not for me!"

"In life thy tears were bitter drops,
In death thy woe's a hand that stops
The current of eternity,
And smites thy echoed grief to me,
O tender heart!"

"No tears, O love! be happy now!
'A little while,' and know shalt thou
What 'tis to lie in earth and wait
The resurrection and the birth.
Weep not for me!"

Among all his poems there is but one through which runs a vein of sadness—a tender, amiable sadness, more touching than paining. This poem, "Faded Leaves," will never be surpassed for vividness of imagery and beauty of expression. It knits the sweetness of Longfellow to the accurately tuned rhythm of Tennyson. The attentive reader will not overlook the delicate grace of the description:

"He heard a maiden singing in a wood;
He saw the wild vines kiss her as she stood
With face upturned to note their wavy grace.

"There was a note of sadness in her song,
And yet his thoughts were saddened as along
The woodland path she went, 'mid tender leaves."

As Dr. Egan in his novels is a refined realist; so in his poems he becomes nearly always ideal. His "Preludes" include two poems, which are real; namely, "To-Day" and "Of Life." The

most noteworthy passage in the former is this:

"It is not always bright, nor always spring,
And sunny seasons are the ones that bring
Most sudden showers and the light is gone!"

"Of Life" is a fountain of wisdom which flows more copiously the longer we linger around it and gaze at it with eager eyes. Each youthful reader should take to heart the lessons which this instructive poem teaches:

"For all our life is made of little things,
Our chain of life is forged of little rings,
And little words and acts uplift the soul.
'Tis good to look aloft with ardent eyes,
And work as well; he doing these is wise;
But one without the other gains no goal."

Not unlike many other poets, Dr. Egan has at least once undertaken the composition of a love poem: it is entitled "Like a Lilac." It is a delightful outburst of the purest emotions, and his earnest prayers should have been crowned with better success than those of the *passionate shepherd* in Sir Walter Raleigh's "Nymph's Reply"; but the closing line of the last stanza would lead us to infer differently:

"Like the changeful month of spring
Is my love, my lady love;
Sunshine comes and glad birds sing,
Then a rain cloud floats above.
So your moods change with the wind,
April-tempered lady love;
You're a riddle, lady love."

II.

In this short essay the reader will hardly expect quotations from the many translations which Dr. Egan has made from the French, Italian, German and the classic tongues. Suffice it to say that they are very exact, and as poetical as the circumstances would permit.

As a religious poet, Dr. Egan has also won considerable renown. He chants hymns to Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and favorite Catholic devotions. The skilful construction of these poems hinders us from making any extracts, as they can be understood and appreciated only when read entirely. "The Heart Immaculate," a matchless sonnet, full of hope, probably stands first:

"Through street and field wild howls the March wind's blast,
•The bare trees shiv'ring loudly wail and moan,
Like souls remorseful for the bright days flown,
When life was young and no sin dimmed the past;
Deep sounds in minor key run through the vast
Gloomed cavern of the night: alone, alone,
Yet in a warring world our weak hearts groan,
And catch a prayer, to find sweet peace at last.
And this we know, let all the world be dark,
Dear Mary watches o'er our troubled sea;
And this we know hough unknown danger lurks

In all our land, her pure heart is an ark,
In which we shelter childlike trustingly—
O heart unstained! the greatest of God's works."

Although this grand theme has inspired many a poet's soul, still no one has treated it so well within as little space. His other psalms are nearly as fine: they possess the piety of Father Faber, the elegance of Keble, and frequently reach the admirable neatness and sincerity of Cardinal Newman.

III.

The highest specimens of Dr. Egan's genius are to be found in his sonnets on famous men. "Maurice de Guérin," "Fra Angelico" and "Theocritus," like many of his lyrical poems, have a cherished page in all noted collections of English poetry. Of "St. Francis d'Assisi" Mr. Stoddard, the literary critic, recently observed:

"It is the only good sonnet in the *Century* magazine, and the best sonnet we have seen for several years."

In the opening to "Fra Angelico," Dr. Egan tells us in sublime language what true art is:

"Art is true art when art to God is true,
And only then. To copy Nature's work
Without the chains that run the whole world through
Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
In its clear depths! No soul, no truth is there."

Another great sonnet is "Theocritus"; though it lacks the fervor and inspiration of "Fra Angelico." The sextette runs thus:

"O sweetest singer of the olden days,
In dusty books your idyls rare seem dead,—
The gods are gone, but poets never die;
Though men may turn their ears to newer lays,
Sicilian nightingales enrapturèd
Caught all your songs and nightly trill the sky."

When this jewel of sonnets had just been published, many mean critics overlooked its fine parts and found fault with the accent on the last syllable of *enrapturèd*. Their opinion, however, has never been very favorably received by fair-minded persons. In all likelihood it will be read and admired after its critics have long gone to sleep "unknown to fame."

Dr. Egan's first sonnet on O'Connell resounds with enthusiasm, patriotism and wailing and, what is rare in patriotic strains, absolute truth. The octette is devoted to the woes of Erin, and the superb sextette praises O'Connell thus:

"A voice arose from out the sorrowing souls
Of sons who loved her, but could help her not—
O'Connell's voice—and all the nations stood
In wild amaze; for as the ocean rolls
After a calm into each sounding grot,
Pale Erin answered, claiming freedomhood."

The grandest, most finished and loftiest is by all means the sextette in "Maurice de Guérin."

"A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he;
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast:
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the figure crucified
And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest."

The English language will always offer crowns of honor and castles of glory to such unparalleled verses; let us joyfully hope, therefore, that Providence will soon incline the poet to entrust himself wholly to the guide of that divine poetic spirit which informs every fibre of his being. Then, indeed, will his prophecy

"Men when old are sweetest,"

be realized. If a dam be thrown across a stream the river below will be dry and barren, yet there must come a time when the dam is broken, and then the waters will roar, rush and sweep with a louder, more majestic music, and a wilder, unrelenting energy. So is it with the current of poesy traversing the soul of the bard: the moment of its egress must approach:

"The soul of music cannot fade or rust,
The voice within stronger grows with age."

The day must come on which

"The sweet soul wakes and sings."

A. ALRICHS, '92.

—
Hamlet.
—

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE CLASS OF LITERATURE.

IV.

OTHER CHARACTERS.—LAERTES.

After a careful study of Laertes I find it somewhat difficult to sum up the qualities that go to make his character, or to distinguish him from other men. I believe Laertes is to be found in the majority of men to-day. We find that trait of fatherly and brotherly love, which is so essential to our reward beyond the grave and to our success here, perfectly developed in Laertes.

Indeed, judging from the manner in which he received his father's advice, and the timely warning which he so affectionately gave his sister Ophelia, we have to conclude that he had traits of character worthy of admiration by all mankind. Were we to give a careful study to this characteristic of Laertes and strive to profit by it we would undoubtedly grow better as a nation and as individuals.

Like many men of to-day, Laertes was one whose judgments were not as calm and mature as they ought to have been for his own good. If any injury was done him or family it seems that his first thought was to obtain revenge

regardless of the results or promptings of his actions. It seems that it was easy for him to unite with anyone to accomplish his desire without asking himself whether the course was best for him or his country.

One of such a nature is apt to unite his actions with some one who will not labor as hard to accomplish the wishes of his ally as to satisfy his own inward cravings. This was the case when Laertes formed a conspiracy with the king to kill Hamlet. The king never desired Hamlet's death because he had wronged Laertes, but because he was afraid Hamlet would deprive him of the throne of Denmark. Laertes had the folly of refusing forgiveness when the offender acknowledged his wrong and asked pardon. This we see at the meeting of Hamlet and Laertes after they have been at the grave of Ophelia.

We should profit by the experience of Laertes, and never refuse forgiveness when properly asked, as this is one of the noblest qualities of true character. If we refuse this it will most assuredly bring misfortune upon us sooner or later as was the case with him. The ignoble quality of seeking revenge through stratagem is also found in Laertes, and, as usual, he became the victim of his own folly.

When the death of Laertes draws near we find that he possesses the faculty of seeing clearly his errors. Here we find in him another noble quality in that he acknowledged his faults; he saw that he had become the victim of his own treachery, and he asked Hamlet's pardon. This acknowledgment and forgiveness, with the great reverence which he had for his father and sister, constitute the redeeming qualities of the character of Laertes.

LEE J. WHELAN.

* * *

The character of Laertes differs greatly from that of Hamlet. Hamlet received his education in the quiet atmosphere of the University of Wittenberg. He knows only one object: and that is to love his father, and that he is to be the future king of Denmark. Laertes, from his earliest infancy, was associated with his father, a scheming courtier who sent his son to the French court at Paris, and he there imbibed all the vices and luxurious tastes of the day; his object is to become a smooth courtier and a man of the world like his father. Laertes respects his father, but does not love him; when he hears of his death and the cause of it he does not stop to consider what may have led to it, but is thrown at once into a bitter, brooding spirit, and he seeks only for revenge from Hamlet.

But, with all his vices and faults, Laertes possesses some noble qualities; his advice to his sister Ophelia cannot be surpassed. It is plain that he has suspicions that Hamlet does not really love his sister, when he says:

"Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister,
And keep you in the rear of your affection
Out of the shot and danger of desire."

He knows that Ophelia is young and inexperienced, and might be deceived by the smiles of the Prince of Denmark.

Laertes does not know Hamlet as a man; he looks upon him as the Prince of Denmark. His asking forgiveness of Hamlet after the duel, when he sees that he has been misguided by the king, marks him a man with noble qualities who has been misguided.

J. M. FLANNIGAN.

HORATIO.

Of all the characters in the drama there is none, perhaps, so unobtrusive, so unselfish in his devotion to Hamlet, and so fitted to move unmolested and unscathed through the perils of an intriguing court as Horatio. Himself ever on the alert, yet manly and open, when brought forward the whole scene partakes of his serenity. He is not moved by the tumults in others, nor in the giddiest parts of the play seems to speak or act without having considered both well. The scene about him is calm, even coldly calm; and often not a little of his calmness comes like oil on the troubled waters and to smooth the most boisterous part of the play. Hamlet is wise and passionate; Horatio has as much of wisdom but less of passion. Hamlet is cultured, so is Horatio. Hamlet ponders without reaching a conclusion; Horatio is quick to form an opinion and acts accordingly. In the general destruction he is not included. He seems, as it were, to see the whirlpool towards which the others are drifting, and himself steers clear of it.

J. RANEY.

In Shakspeare's plays we find human nature depicted in all the various phases of which it is susceptible. Unlike most of our modern poets he did not search the grand spectacles of the picturesque nature to find a fit theme to display his wonderful genius; he took man, the greatest of God's creatures, and in the delineation of his character made realities out of that which others make into pictures and dreams.

In reading "Hamlet," the greatest tragedy of our language and also one of the greatest productions of Shakspeare's inventive genius, we

find true friendship portrayed to perfection in the character of Horatio, whose personage is an embodiment of all that is true kindness. Possessing, as it does, a most manly soul, full alike of strength, tenderness and solidity, it constitutes one of the noblest and most beautiful of Shakspeare's characters.

Like the guiding star to the weary-tossed ship were the shining beams and the confiding counsels, which emanated from Horatio's noble soul, and shed new light upon Hamlet's pathway. Hamlet, in all his difficulties, opened his heart to him, and Horatio, in turn, soothed his troubles by his consoling words which served to reduce Hamlet's burden. The value of true friendship can only be realized by those who have lost a true friend. Life would, indeed, be dreary for some were not its pathway strewn with flowers of true friendship.

Horatio never gushes, nor is he selfish or obtrusive. He, like a true friend, endeavors to keep himself and his noble qualities in the background where he is seen by those only who study the real traits of his character. He is a mediator between thought and action,—a medium whereby some of Hamlet's finest and noblest qualities are conveyed to us.

The last moments of Hamlet's life are truly pathetic; stretched out in the hall of the castle by the treachery of Laertes, he is about to pass to another world, and his death is a striking resemblance to a flickering candle on the verge of being extinguished. His ever-grateful friend Horatio, greatly afflicted now that his dear friend is about to be torn from him, and deeming nothing upon earth to be worth the living for, is about to end his life by drinking a cup of "potent poison," when Hamlet, with a dying breath, addresses him in the following words:

"Absent thee, felicity, awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain
To tell my story."

How could Horatio disobey this dying injunction? With tears in his eyes, he exclaims:

"The rest is silence;
Now cracks a noble heart. Good-night, sweet prince,
And flights of angels swing thee to thy rest!"

J. A. DELANY.

OPHELIA.

Nowhere throughout Shakspeare's plays can we find a sweeter or more pathetic character than Ophelia in "Hamlet." Her madness is very different from that of the hero in the sense that it is real. Hamlet is her lover; and after she had "suck'd the honey of his music vows,"

she is compelled, by the command of her father, to repulse him, sorely against the dictates of her heart. Her extreme grief when she is brought to believe that this is the cause of Hamlet's later condition, and the sudden and violent death of her father, whom she loves sincerely, combine in producing her lapse of reason. The mark of her character is her truthful simplicity and innocence. She is reared amidst the vices of a wicked court, but passes through the fire unharmed because her simplicity makes her susceptible only to that which is pure.

"O rose of May!

Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!"

W. A. CORRELL.

* * *

CLAUDIUS, THE KING.

Claudius is a man of unabated ambition who sacrificed every consideration to have his desire of being king gratified. Sensual, treacherous and low in nature, he was sufficiently shrewd and polished to ingratiate himself into the queen's affections, succeed in duping the world, and temporarily able to contend with Hamlet. And while Hamlet's madness was generally deemed real, Claudius suspected his deception, and, his guilty conscience ever on the alert, he often frustrated Hamlet's plans. At a court entertainment, wherein a similar murder was performed, the king's untimely leaving, and his twitting of conscience made him more convinced that Hamlet knew his secret. The words of the latter—

"Why, let the stricken deer go weep,

The hart ungalléd play;

For some must watch while some must sleep,

So runs the world away,"

stung him to the quick, and he resolved to have him banished and killed. Hamlet's unexpected return, however, frustrated his plans, ultimately made the king his own murderer, and accomplished Hamlet's revenge.

Hamlet is a person possessed of those laudable qualities that make a man in the true sense of the word. His entire demeanor, his relations with others, his conduct with the world, demonstrate him to be a man of principle. Laertes was active and thoughtless; Hamlet was his opposite—thoughtful, yet sufficiently active to obtain his ends. While the plausible manner of his father's death was forced upon the world, Hamlet suspected Claudius of his murder, and only awaited an opportunity to have his suspicions verified and his hatred satiated by the king's death. People are induced to believe Hamlet really mad; however, the writer considers him as feigning madness, depending on circumstances as suited his interests. His best

friend, Horatio, we never find Hamlet intent on duping.

Hamlet was educated at the University of Wittenberg, and was always of a very thoughtful disposition. He had his suspicions as to the author of the crime; the appearance of the ghost, the conduct of Claudius, the demeanor of the king at the court entertainment, Hamlet's leaving for England directly implicate Claudius, and when Hamlet has sufficient evidence, can obtain the sanction of the world and the plaudits of his own conscience, he strikes, and his revenge is completed.

Were we to cite a quotation that could in all propriety be applied to Hamlet, we would obtain a splendid illustration of his character from Lavater: "He who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no more to say, is in possession of some of the best requisites of man." Horatio is the point of rest in the entire play. The bosom and true friend of Hamlet, he is at the same time popular with the world.

HARRY L. FERNEDING.

Prof. Sweet's Ideas Tested.

Having read in your columns the original proposition and subsequent discussion of Prof. Sweet's scheme of an "industrial university," it occurs to me that many of your readers would be interested to learn that there is a similar school in existence; that it has been tried above twenty years, and that it has given satisfaction. It is known as the Notre Dame Manual Labor School, and is situated in the neighborhood of the university of that name at Notre Dame, Ind. It was established to enable poor boys to learn a trade, and comprises the branches of drawing, pattern-making, carpentry, cabinet-making, plumbing, blacksmithing, tailoring, shoemaking, printing and several others. Each boy is confined to a single trade, and works for the local market as a means of income to the school. The course of training requires "eight hours a day, five and one-half days in a week, and at least fifty weeks in a year of faithful shop work; two hours a day, five days in the week for study, recitations or drawing, and two hours each evening, five days in the week for writing, lectures and study."

In many other respects it seems to realize the professor's ideas with singular minuteness, but not in all respects. He advises to "select men for teachers and instructors for the shop proper, whose *sole* qualifications are that they know how to do work, how to go to work to do a job; who are ready in resources and know the kinks in the trade, entirely regardless of whether they know how to design machinery, whether

they know what makes a steam engine go, or whether *they can read or write*; except if a man knows how to read he may be better able to find out other peoples' ways, and therefore be the better man for the place." In addition to the above qualifications the workmen of this school are required to have at least an elementary education, and to be men of *morals and manners*. American gentlemanliness is largely a product of instruction and example. If, therefore, a boy is to remain under a workman eight hours per day for several years, the workman should be more than a technical instructor. Prof. Sweet will surely agree in this.

As an illustration of what such boys can do in a machine shop, allow me to give some of my experience in the Mechanical Engineering Department of Notre Dame University. In addition to the regular students of the University and their instructor, we have a skilful foreman engaged in building machinery, and four boys from the Manual Labor School who do the job work and assist in building machinery. Among the products of the past ten months may be mentioned the following:

Twelve speed lathes valued at.....	\$600.00
Two engine lathes " "	500.00
One Corliss engine (50 H. P.) valued at.....	1,500.00
General job and repair work " "	400.00

In addition to the above, several smaller engines, some dynamos, and a great many tools, such as taps, reamers, twist drills, etc., were made. The work of the pattern shop proved equally satisfactory and encouraging financially. Patterns were made for a shaper, an engine lathe, and some speed lathes of new design to be constructed by the same boys. The difference between the work of students of Mechanical Engineering in a machine shop and of boys learning the machinists' trade is this: the former have but a few hundred hours at graded exercises, never repeating the same exercise once thoroughly learned; the latter, after doing the exercises, labor steadily at a great variety of commercial work, to acquire not only knowledge, but rapidity and accuracy of execution. In acquiring this accuracy, of course, a great deal of work is ruined, and it is sometimes very exasperating to the foreman; but the work may be so apportioned that the smaller parts fall to the less skilful students, and if ruined may be replaced.

No school produces a very skilful mechanic, nor a very competent engineer; but a school adapted to its aims may, besides giving the student a moral training, advance him in either trade or profession more rapidly than the busy world does. Many a skilful veteran regrets his early inopportunity for study, and many a skilful young machinist would gladly work for board and tuition. In a financial way, the young machinist of some months' experience would, as a student, be preferable to the beginner. I have had some boys of that kind, and am disposed to receive more in so far as they do

not interfere with the class work of the university students.

This, I trust, will count as a vote in favor of Prof. Sweet's plan. The Notre Dame Manual Labor School is not a complete realization of his ideas. It has but a local market, a limited equipment, and a professedly limited number of boys. Given, however, a desire for extension, and a shrewd business man at the head, the school could be indefinitely enlarged. I hope some day to hear of a thorough trial of Prof. Sweet's suggestions.—ALBERT F. ZAHM in *American Machinist*.

Books and Periodicals.

WHAT WE SEE. By Eliza Allen Starr. Published by the Author, St. Joseph's Cottage, 299 Huron St., Chicago, Ill.

This is a collection of charming little stories, written in Miss Starr's peculiarly fascinating style, and designed especially for very young readers. Each story is suggested by "what we see," something in the life and beauty of Nature, and told in such a way as to impress the youthful mind, and convey a practical and important lesson that will have its influence on life and conduct. Beautiful illustrations add to the interest of the book and serve to make it an eagerly-prized gift for every little boy and girl throughout the land.

THE CATHOLIC HOME ALMANAC FOR 1892. New York, Cincinnati & Chicago: Benziger Bros.

We greet with pleasure the arrival of this excellent year book. It is now in the ninth year of its publication, and, like its predecessors, which have met with a hearty welcome everywhere, it is rich in illustrations and original in matter. The frontispiece is a fine oil-color plate of the Nativity of Our Lord which is followed by other choice illustrations, such as landscapes, portraits, scenes of every-day life, etc. The reading matter is made up of stories, poems, biographies and descriptive sketches contributed by such writers as Dr. M. F. Egan, Eliza Allen Starr, L. W. Reilly, Eleanor C. Donnelly, and others. In addition there are the usual astronomical calculation statistics, etc., all of which make it one of the best publications of its kind in the language.

—*Donahoe's Magazine* for December, contains articles on "The Methodist Ecumenical Conference"; "The Celtic Cross"; "Parnell"; "The Immaculate Conception"; "How Hot it is in Africa"; "Christmas Eve"; "The Origin and Development of the Roman Catacombs"; "The Centennial of St. Mary's Seminary"; the conclusion of the interesting story of "Kildoona"; "The Clan-na Loughlan," an Irish historical poem, in two cantos; "Eminent Confederate Generals"; "Curing the Drink Habit"; "The Land of Evangeline"; "Rameses II."; "Isabella, the Catholic"; "The Late D'Arcy McGee." The Juvenile Department is as interesting as usual.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Notre Dame, November 28, 1891.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC now enters upon the TWENTY-FIFTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The forty-ninth anniversary of the first Mass of Very Rev. Father General at Notre Dame will be commemorated on Monday next, the 30th inst., by an entertainment in St. Edward's Hall of the University, to be given by the "princes," the youthful *protégés* of the venerable Superior. Father General will himself preside on the occasion; and he may be assured that the expressions of joy and congratulation with which he will be greeted will be the echo of the sentiments of all hearts both here and in hundreds of places throughout the world.

—All the leading schools of the country are expected to exhibit at the coming World's Fair specimens of their scholars' work in the various departments of study. Judging from the clever work that some of the noted institutions of learning have offered for inspection on recent commencement days, the display on this particular occasion will certainly be unique.

It is gratifying to know that the supervision of the school work has been confided to a body of men eminently fitted for the task. They fully recognize that this will be a golden opportunity to impress upon the minds of the masses the excellence of our educational system; and we have sufficient evidence that they mean to render the schools every possible encouragement in this matter. If the schools on their part earnestly co-operate with the committee, we are confident their display at the World's Fair will fully satisfy all expectations.

—Our esteemed contemporary, the *Ave Maria*, in its prospectus for the coming year, announces a number of improvements that will enhance its value and make it more than ever deserving of the patronage of English-speaking readers throughout the world. There will be an enlargement of four pages, without any change of subscription price, which will make it the cheapest Catholic publication in the language. Then, besides the distinguishing features of Our Lady's journal which have ever made it so popular, there will be series of articles from Maurice Francis Egan, Charles Warren Stoddard, Nugent Robinson, Father Edmund, the Rev. Dr. Parsons, and others. A number of fine illustrations will also appear from time to time in connection with special articles on the Blessed Virgin and also the great discoverer of America. All in all, the *Ave Maria* for 1892, with its numerous attractive features, will not fall short of being the brightest and best publication of its kind in the world.

Archbishop Riordan at Notre Dame.

On Monday last Notre Dame was honored by the presence of the Most Rev. P. W. Riordan, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco. His Grace had come East to attend the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the Archbishop of St. Louis, and with that affectionate remembrance of his old *Alma Mater* which has ever characterized him, he would not miss the opportunity to visit the scenes of his youthful college days and rejoice at the unwonted growth and prosperity which has marked the career of Notre Dame since "away back in the fifties." He was heartily welcomed by the Faculty and students, and by none was he more warmly greeted than by the venerable Father General, his director and instructor during the years of his student life, and whom he was glad to see recovering from his recent illness.

The Archbishop was accompanied by the Rev. J. McGavick, of St. Elizabeth's, Chicago, and the Rev. Fathers O'Sullivan, Van de Laar and Rathz, of South Chicago. His Grace dined with the students in the Senior dining-hall, and after the repast Mr. N. J. Sinnott, of the Class of '92, arose and addressed him as follows:

"MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP:

"This age is somewhat hypocritical, and it often happens that honeyed words, welcoming the coming and speeding the parting, are only on the lips, and do not come from the true sentiments of an affectionate heart. Yes, 'tis

true that the warm grasp of the hand and expressions of welcome are frequently mere formalities demanded by custom or conventional decorum. But it is needless for me to assure you, with all candor, that the warm greeting extended to you by the students of Notre Dame is by no means a mere perfunctory duty. A glance around you suffices to dispel any impression of that character. The countenances of all betoken the esteem, reverence and affection we have for him who but a few short years ago went forth from these walls blest with Notre Dame's choicest gifts, and who now returns clad in the purple insignia of a heavenly trust. It is but natural that we feel a just pride in Notre Dame's worthy son, the illustrious prelate destined to guide 'westward the course of empire' of God's Church to the very Golden Gate of the Pacific.

"Most Reverend Archbishop, though two years have passed since you were among us, yet the remembrance of that visit remains indelibly fixed in our hearts; it is one of the sweet recollections associated with the pleasant memories of the past. Your advice and monitions were replete with wisdom. Your kind and eloquent words gave us encouragement to overcome the ever-occurring obstacles of our university life. They aroused our ambition; they incited us to put forth our best endeavors to reach that goal which you have attained—to be true Christian men and scholars, for we know that your career has been an unmistakable beacon for all. As a pastor you have well guarded the flock entrusted to your care. As a patriot you are ever solicitous for the true principles of freedom.

"But, perchance, these outspoken words, which have their source in deep esteem, already offend good taste, for to patient merit a recital of this nature is oftentimes displeasing. Therefore, Most Reverend Archbishop, mindful of your interest in our welfare and progress, mindful of your former words of encouragement, the students of your *Alma Mater*, with one accord, bid you a most sincere welcome, and beg leave to assure your Grace that, though duty may call you far from us to your Western home, and though we may be busied with the cares of our collegiate life, yet we shall ever treasure in our hearts the memory of your visits to Notre Dame, repeating the words of the immortal Virgil: '*Hæc olim meminisse juvabit.*'"

Archbishop Riordan, in reply, said, in substance:

"REV. FATHERS, HONORED PROFESSORS AND STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME:—I return one and all my hearty thanks for this cordial welcome. And while I have lived, I hope, long enough not to take unto myself all the praise that comes from your youthful hearts, I still feel that your welcome is sincere; and I am glad to think to-day that my visit of two years ago is still remembered, and has borne some little fruit in your assim-

lating the few weak words that dropped from my lips.

"It is an old saying—that quoted from Fletcher: 'Give me the making of the ballads of a country and I care not who makes the laws.' I should say, 'give me the forming of the young men of the country, and I care not who has the formation of all others.' God gives some of His gifts more than once, some only once. The seasons come and go, and then return; the flowers bloom and die, and then are born again; but youth comes only once, and therefore it is important. Hence the necessity of carefully training it and guiding it, so that it may be stored with principles of virtue and religion, to guide it to the very end of its career. Therefore, my dear students, the absolute necessity of training the young, for on them reposes our entire society. According to the census of 1880, there were 25,500,000 of a male population in this country—that is in round numbers; I have not seen the census for 1890. Now one-fourth of that population was composed of young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty. And one-fourth of that population formed the voting population of the country. That is to say, one-fourth of the entire voting population was composed of young men between the ages of eighteen and thirty. Now, if it be true, as a German writer says, that the advancement of society depends upon a nation's young men at a given time who are under twenty-five years of age, see how necessary it is that young people should be trained in the principles of truth, virtue and religion. Therefore, I try to impress upon young people, and especially students, the necessity of paying close attention to their duties during their school years.

"The great Napoleon, when he visited his school in Brienne, addressed the students in these words: 'My dear boys, one hour wasted during your school years may be the chance of misfortune in after-life.' And so one year of *your* school years may make all the difference for you between a reasonably prosperous life and one passed in misery and degraded poverty. You are in the very spring-time of your lives; and the harvest will be what you sow in it, and nothing else. In vain does the farmer go out into the fields and look for the harvest unless he knows that in the spring-time he planted the grain; and you will look in vain in after-life for honor, success and prosperity unless you sow the seed of it during these precious years of your school life.

"Now, what are you here for, boys? I speak to you like a boy, for I remember that I once was a boy myself. I am like a traveller who has been over the way, and tells the other travellers what kind of a road it is. What are you here for? You are here for a twofold purpose: to have your minds stored with knowledge, to have them enlightened; and then you are here to be trained. You are here to learn something—to be taught—to be taught human knowledge. The course of studies is not of your own selec-

tion, it is not even the choice of your honored professors. They give you what experience tells is the best thing for you. You learn history with all its deep researches; you learn divinity, theology—of course in a limited degree—the relations of your souls to God, the actions of God's eternal laws upon the universe. You learn science either in the shape of principles, or you learn it as you contemplate the stars in the heavens, or even the ground around you. You learn language which is the instrument of human speech; and man, at best, is but a speaking being.

"These things are necessary for you, and, depend upon it, your best fortune is a good education. This is one of the great advantages we have in coming into the world. Naturally we come at least with the chance of being rich intellectually and morally; and the fact is that nearly all great genius first found its bed in the cradle of poverty. This is one thing that a boy should feel proud of—proud that he has something which no money can buy, and which he would be unwilling to barter for any amount of money. Money can buy sensual pleasure, sensual gratification; it cannot buy virtue, and it cannot buy your intellectual endowments. Therefore, I say, intellectual development is an absolute necessity for you. You are here to have your intellects developed; and if you go on without paying the strictest attention to what your honored professors teach you, you are not only wasting time, but you are depriving yourself of the power of ever being able to gather knowledge.

"There are some things we must learn before the age of twelve; afterwards we can never learn them—as, for instance, the mechanical part of music. There are other things we must learn before seventeen or eighteen; afterwards we never have patience to learn them thoroughly. As time is so important, you see the necessity of not losing a moment of it. While I sincerely detest avarice, yet when it comes to time I would have you the greatest misers in the world. Do not give away any of the time that you may employ in useful work.

"Besides being here to learn, you are here for a higher purpose: you are here to be trained, and this is the most important object of education,—to train your moral faculties. Send out of this University men who will be truthful men, honest men, upright men—men who feel that to be modest is to have something of the divinity; men who can bear the trials of life with patience and resignation; who feel a stain on their character as a wound; who cannot and will not tell a lie; who on every occasion will be faithful to God and their country. This training you receive here from your honored professors, in their lectures and instructions, in all those great lessons which come to you in the instructions of religion, in the Mass, in the reception of the sacraments, in the explanation of your catechism. Particularly do you learn what is

not always easily impressed on the mind—that religion means, not restraint, but freedom and liberty; for the man who is really religious is a free and independent man; vice brings slavery and degradation. Remember that God's laws are to be observed. They are writ upon the universe. They come down to us in solemn grandeur from the past. We cannot set them aside, and feel as we could feel were we to keep them.

"These laws were made by Him who made the day, And the columns of the universe are not more firm than they."

"Religion will give you a full, a free and a happy life. Sin is the worst investment a young man can make. If you are trained to a life of religion, respect its obligations. If you have stored your mind with knowledge, then your success is assured; you will go forth honored students from this great seat of learning. And if it should be your happiness, as it is mine, to come back to Notre Dame, you will feel what I feel. When I return, I thank God with all my heart that in youth He gave me the privilege of spending many years within these hallowed walls."

The remarks of the Most Rev. Archbishop were characterized by an earnestness and depth of feeling that struck a sympathetic chord in the hearts of his hearers, and produced an impression that will not be easily effaced. The kindly sentiments which His Grace entertains for *Alma Mater* are cordially reciprocated, and his visits always mark a bright spot among the events of college life. He has the best wishes and fervent prayers of all at Notre Dame that years of health and strength may be his to continue his noble work in the exalted sphere in which he has been placed.

The Door-Mat.

Some are quite carried away by the theory of cranioscopy and phrenology, spending many hours investigating its mysteries and many more in trying to persuade you that it is an exact science; but while their efforts are not altogether in vain, yet I would prefer to observe the action of the man, and draw my deductions therefrom. A door-mat is a simple thing; yet I have been observing one, and I find it calls up a series of reflections. It has been raining, and the walks are a little muddy. Let us stop here a moment at the door and watch the boys as they go in. There can be no harm in that, surely; and we will see if by comparing our observations we cannot build a little theory concerning the connection between neatness

and the other virtues. Here comes a boy in great haste. He is always first. He sees the mat, but steps upon it with a crash that makes it curl up as if in anger at such harsh treatment; but he rushes on, and if any mud adheres to his feet still it is all off before he reaches his desk. Here is a second—walking slowly, with his head down. Why, what can the fellow be thinking of? He never saw the mat at all, but stepped away across it; and he is followed by a third, who runs his foot against the poor mat, and came near falling. He is mad at once, and kicks it far away from the door altogether. But here, at last, comes a methodical-looking fellow. Let us see what he will do. Ah! he replaces the much-abused mat, wipes his feet carefully, and passes into the hall. These are very few data from which to generalize a theory, you say. Possibly; but suppose we let the theory go, for the time being, and indulge in a few reflections. The first boy is apt to go through life just as he went through that door—always in great haste, always driving his bargains with a force and rush that quite surprise his more circumspect neighbors, always treading on some one's toes, and continually in trouble. He becomes wealthy by a single precipitate blow, which no one expected; but the chances are that he will lose just as rapidly—and the reason is obvious: he has not time to stop and consider what he proposes to do, and never estimates the possibility of failure. He never does anything by halves. If he is pious, you may depend on him, for he is seldom a hypocrite; but if he is inclined to evil, then he is to be dreaded, for he will push his course of iniquity in hot haste to the very extreme. Not so his absent-minded neighbor, who never saw the mat at all. He is not apt to be a bad man: and if he is, he is only theoretically so, for he is so busy with speculative plans that he seldom has time to put them in practice. He lives in a world peopled with beings of his own creation. He never becomes wealthy, for he is not active nor earnest. All attempts to rouse him from his speculations are vain. You might as well try to animate a corpse; and he is practically dead, so far as the busy schemes and aspirations of the rest are concerned. Sometimes he is a man of genius, and produces a book, or a marvellous piece of mechanism; but it avails him nothing. He is obliged to sell it for the necessities of life, and some one else reaps the harvest he has sown.

Our petulant friend, who kicked the mat out of his way vehemently, what of him? Why, his character is probably already moulded, and twenty years from to-day you will find him

rather more sour than at present; for life has its cares and vexations, and he will be certain of a cause for trouble; and, in all human probability, he will find himself cordially detested by his better-tempered neighbors. He may become rich, and very likely he will, for he doubts the integrity of almost everyone, consequently trusts but few and seldom loses money. If wealth brought happiness he might be thought on the right track; but it does not, and he is miserable. He lacks charity, geniality. If he has a family he is certain to have his children afraid of him and his home in continual turmoil; and so he goes through the world always quarrelling with somebody, and always kicking some one out of his way. Of course, he receives as many kicks as he gives, and rather more, for the world falls into the good-natured habit of abusing him; and should reverses overtake him he will go to the very bottom of the hill, and no one will reach out a hand to help him. He selfishly enjoyed prosperity alone, and he must suffer adversity alone. 'Tis the old Mosaic law, and he can blame no one but himself. And, lastly, that young man who replaced the mat so carefully is almost certain to find happiness in the world as he goes along. True, he has much against him, but his chances are rather better than any of the others. It seems to be his mission to rebuild what others have torn down, and his highest aim is to help a brother when most he needs assistance. His home is a happy one, for he loves order. The mad, eager strife for riches seldom takes possession of him; and yet he is successful in his financial schemes, and people wonder how he contrives to get rich so fast, when to them he seems to be doing nothing. Why, 'tis the simplest thing in the world! He risks nothing that he cannot see clear through, and runs his machinery with so much care and circumspection that it costs him but little for repairs. He is a thorough economist, and you can scarcely place him in a situation where he will fail.

Now, this is not the old theory—the foundation of Sunday-school stories, wherein the good little boy prospers and the bad one is always punished with terrible severity for his misdemeanors; but don't you know that habits correlate and group together, and he who is careful of others' rights or feelings in matters of trifling import will also be faithful in the discharge of great responsibilities,—and that he is almost certain to have them trust upon him; for the world is ever seeking men of integrity, men of thought, and, pre-eminently, men of firm, decided principle.

Personal.

—Frank J. Hegart, of '79, is engaged in a prosperous business at Challis, Idaho.

—Mr. Moses Foote, '82, and wife, of Chicago, were welcome visitors to the College on Tuesday last.

—Fred and Hal Jewett, '90, spent Thanksgiving Day at Notre Dame, greatly to the joy of their numerous friends.

—Rev. J. Bleckman, '67, Michigan City, Ind.; Rev. T. O'Sullivan, '58, Cummings, Ill.; Rev. M. Van de Laar and Rev. G. Rathz, South Chicago, Ill., were welcome visitors to the College during the week.

—MARRIED, at Portsmouth, Ohio, Miss Anna Steindamm and Mr. Ed. B. Gerlach, October 14, 1891. Mr. Gerlach was graduated with honors in the Commercial class of '84, and the sincere congratulations and best wishes of his former Professors and fellow-students are extended to him and his fair bride.

—Charles T. Cavanagh, '91, is following the Law course of Harvard University. In a letter recently received he gives expression to his affectionate remembrances of *Alma Mater*; but we will let him speak for himself:

"Of course, you know of all the historical points in Boston and Cambridge. The region is teeming with relics of America's early history, and tourists come here in crowds. It is the ideal spot for such a place as Harvard. Chicago is the only place better fitted for its location—Chicago being, of course, beyond the ideal by this time. But, although Harvard is a grand place, I am still loyal to Notre Dame. I am convinced that in the regular collegiate course Notre Dame is superior. As a university, Harvard, with its advantages of age, of numbers, of alumni, is in the lead; but as a college Notre Dame has the upper hand. The system of study here is the elective, which is far more adaptable to the professional schools than to the regular courses. A man can become a bachelor of arts here without reading either Latin or Greek. They allow students to train their minds as they see fit, and some of them manifest a wonderful preference for "snap" classes. Notre Dame's system is more practical and, I think, more successful in its results. As to living in either institution, I prefer Notre Dame as a boarding place. I would like to see the thirty-two who were expelled last year come to Harvard. If they were to pursue the same tactics here, they would be homeward bound in a remarkably short time. The board, as to quality, is not near the standard set up at Notre Dame, and I discovered the fact before I was here a week."

Local Items.

—1827.

—Baked beans.

—*Cave tobogganem.*

—Snow for the million.

—His Shaksperian locks!

—Pretty good banjo club.

—An exciting game, very!

—"Tis I, sir, rolling rapidly.

—Advent begins to-morrow.

—The papers were scattered.

—Pierce almost made a touch down.

—That little turklet was in a bad fix.

—One man knew how to drop on the ball.

—The big gobbler was the crowning event.

—Mother Earth has put on her white mantle.

—The enticers are things of Auld Lang Syne.

—Many visitors from the Bend witnessed the game.

—The toboggan slide is a thing of the near future.

—Dress parade for the first time this year on Thursday.

—The whistle was a formidable instrument in the referee's hands.

—The toboggan slides are up and the necessary adjunct is present.

—The High School men gave a magnificent example of self-sacrifice.

—What caused the good weather this week? Why, my dear sir, didn't you notice that the storm windows are up?

—Now doth the festive Carroll hasten round the walks with that V-shaped instrument, commonly known as a snow-plow.

—In September last some one left an umbrella in the Students' Office for safe keeping. The owner will please call for same.

—We are indebted to Mr. Hugh O'Neill for the excellent report of Archbishop Riordan's speech which appears in this number.

—LOST LAST WEEK.—A black cloth overcoat with black lining, black velvet collar, and striped satin sleeve-lining. Finder will confer a very great favor by returning said overcoat to the Students' Office.

—NOTICE.—The following has been received for publication:

"HEADQUARTERS Co. "C," H. L. G."

I have opened my list for more recruits, and will be pleased to get about ten more members. Any of the small Carrolls wishing to join may apply to the Rev. Chaplain or to the Captain of the company. By order of

A. MCKEE ROBINSON,

Captain Com., Co. "C."

—The feast of St. Stanislaus, patron of the Philopatrian Association, falling on Friday this year, the annual banquet was postponed until the Thursday following. At about 3 o'clock the officers and members of the society assembled with their invited guests in Carroll dining room, prepared to do ample justice to the good things awaiting them there. Among the guests present at the spread were Rev. Father Walsh, Brothers Celestine and Leander; Professors Edwards, O'Dea, Liscombe and Ackermann. The dinner was an elaborate affair, and passed off most delightfully.

—The tenth regular meeting of the St. Cecilia's was held Wednesday, Nov. 18. It was unanimously decided that, following an old custom, the celebration of the society's patronal festival should be postponed to Saturday, Dec.

19. A well-written criticism of the preceding meeting was read by E. Ball, after which a cleverly written and highly patriotic speech on the late Charles Stewart Parnell was delivered by J. Delany. The applause with which his speech was received showed that there was a kind spot yet in the hearts of the St. Cecilians for that great but unfortunate statesman. The speech was evidently written in conformity with the principle "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*" The essays by Eagan and Rend on "Natural Gas" and "The Republic," respectively, were well received. A reading by Mr. F. Thorn formed a very interesting feature of the evening's entertainment. The exercises closed with a declamation by Mr. Walker, after which a recess of about fifteen minutes was taken, and highly enjoyed by the members. The great earnestness with which each of the members prepares his part was the occasion of some congratulatory remarks from Father Morrissey.

—The literary merit of the work done by the Columbians at their third regular meeting was fully up to the standard of any previous meeting. After a careful criticism of the former meeting by Mr. Langan, Mr. Carroll excited the risibilities of the society by a comic selection—"The Bashful Man." He was followed by Mr. O'Donnell in "Cardinal Wolsey's Soliloquy," in which that talented young elocutionist did justice to himself, and elicited the hearty applause of the members. Mr. Bolton, an earnest advocate of the sovereignty of the people, then, in a speech, containing several good arguments, opened the debate "Resolved, That the killing of the members of the Mafia by the people of New Orleans was justifiable." He was followed by Mr. Devaney, a forcible and argumentative speaker, and an ardent upholder of the majesty of the law. His debate was characterized by a breadth of views and depth of study unusual for even a member of a literary society. Mr. McDonald ably endeavored to refute several arguments of the previous speaker, and was followed by Mr. Stanton, a young but energetic member of the society and a good debater. After an interesting analysis by the President of the principal arguments advanced by the debaters, a decision was rendered in favor of the negative. After a few well-chosen remarks by the President, relative to good society work, the motion to adjourn was carried.

—THANKSGIVING DAY.—The celebration of Thanksgiving Day was begun at seven o'clock Wednesday evening. The Boston Ideal Club had been engaged to furnish the entertainment. Almost all the students attended. The numbers of the programme were exceedingly well rendered, many *encores* emphatically testifying the appreciation of the music. At 8 o'clock Thursday morning, Solemn High Mass was celebrated by Rev. President Walsh, with Rev. Fathers Connor and Boland as deacon and subdeacon. At ten o'clock there was a grand review and dress-parade of the military companies. The

general orders were published, giving the names of the officers. At noon a bounteous feast was spread in the refectories. Everyone adjourned thence and discussed the usual Thanksgiving dinner of turkey, cranberry sauce, mince-pie, etc.

* *

The event in which the most interest was centred was the football game between the High School team of South Bend and one chosen outside the Varsity team. The game was called shortly after three o'clock. In less than two minutes Cartier, by a splendid run, scored a touch-down and kicked a goal. From this on the playing was pushed hard. The High School showed good men, but they needed team work badly. In justice to them it must be said that few had ever played before, and, considering this, their game was very good. Touch-downs were scored by Hannin, Keough, Flannigan and McDermott. At the end of the first half the score stood 62-0 in Notre Dame's favor. For the second half the South Bends put in several stronger men, and if the game had been played out the second half would have been much better than the first. The game was called on account of darkness. The score was 78-0 in Notre Dame's favor. The playing of Cartier, Hannin, Keough, and McDermott deserves special mention. Cartier made 60 of the 78 points in 6 touch-downs and 18 goal kicks. Flannigan also did good work at centre. McGrath was too much occupied in looking for his little boy to do any great feat. Cook did excellent work for South Bend.

* *

At five o'clock the students assembled in Washington Hall to hear the continuation of the lecture delivered last week on "Physiology." The speaker was in his happiest mood, and the lecture was enlivened by many good jokes. At the end of the lecture a series of appropriate pictures, illustrating "The Trials and Tribulations of a young Turkey," were exhibited amid great applause, the entertainment closing with the picture of an immense gobbler.

—THE PHILOPATRIAN ENTERTAINMENT.—The Philopatrians of this year bid fair to surpass any of their predecessors. One of the hits of the season was the excellent entertainment given by them on the evening of the 22d inst., and it clearly reflected the careful training they had received from their worthy President. At half-past four a large audience had assembled in Washington Hall, and the University band sounded forth, as an introduction to the programme, the sonorous "Band Union." One can hardly fancy what great progress the band has made since its last public appearance. It seems that Father Mohun inspires his pupils with music. All the pieces which the band played elicited well-merited applause; the "Darkies' Dream," however, so thoroughly fascinated the audience that all hands made one long clap for an *encore*. The programme itself was composed

of recitations, piano solos, instrumental and vocal music well adapted to satisfy the desires of our æsthetic circles, and an unambiguous index of the high culture which has always found a home at Notre Dame.

In their declamations the Philopatrians evinced a great deal of patient study, grace of gesture and boundless enthusiasm. The faults of the young speakers, if they had any, must be attributed to stage fright and the excitement under which one is apt to labor upon his first appearance before the public. T. Finnerty attracted his hearers by the natural, charming way in which he spoke. R. R. Stephens and R. S. Slevin are more artificial, but they possess more elegance and ease of manners. F. Brown and E. Dorsey excel in pieces abounding in power and energy.

That "advance" is the motto of the vocal classes was seen in the masterly style in which they rendered their songs, some of which were extremely difficult. The Junior chorus, containing fifty trained voices, would make a favorable impression upon any audience. The solos, duets and quartettes did their very best to make the evening as delightful and agreeable as possible; the "Larboard Watch" perhaps pleased most. V. Washburn and C. Meyers manifested in their piano solos considerable knowledge of the interpretation of music and skill in execution.

Under the rapid strains of the martial "Gladiator," all retired, grateful for the enjoyment which Bro. Marcellus's juvenile singers and speakers had provided. The following is the

PROGRAMME:

Overture, "Band Union"—*Southwell*..... Band
Opening Chorus, "Flag of our Nation," Junior Glee Club
Recitation, "Seminole's Defiance"..... T. J. Finnerty
Duet, "Convent Bells"..... C. H. Meyers, W. Crawford
Darkies' Dream, *Lansing*..... Band
Recitation, "Regulus to the Carthaginians," F. J. Brown
Solo, "The Pilgrim"..... P. R. Stephens
Piano Solo, "La Zingana"—*Haut*..... V. Washburn
Recitation, "The Bell of Zanora"..... R. S. Slevin
Alto Solo, "Come where My Love Lies Dreaming" F.
Vurpillat with Band Accompaniment.
Quartette..... "The Wolf is on the Hill"
P. Wellington, W. Gerlach, C. McPhee, P. Stephens.
Piano Solo, "Will-o'-the-Wisp"..... C. H. Myers
Recitation, "Execution of Montrose"..... P. R. Stephens
Fantasia, "The Fairy Queen"—*Haigh*..... Band
Duet, "Larboard Watch"..... F. J. Brown, W. Sullivan
Recitation, "Rienzi's Address to the Romans," E. Dorsey
March, "The Gladiator"..... Band

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Dechant, Dacy, DuBrul, Fitzgibbon, Fitzgerald, Gillon, Hannin, Joslyn, Langan, H. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, P. Murphy, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Neill, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Sanford, Schaack, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, Vurpillat.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Burns, Bundy, Breen, Baldwin, J. Brady, T. Brady, Beaudry, Chassang, Corcoran, Cosgrove, J. Crawley, P. Crawley, Cassidy, J. Cummings, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Caffrey, Castenado, Cole, Coll, Conroy, Cherhart, Carroll, Coady, Combe,

C. Delaney, Doheny, Dinkel, R. Delaney, Devanny, Ellwanger, Egan, Ferneding, P. Fleming, R. Fleming, Funke, Flynn, Foley, Heneghan, Healy, Hesse, Holland, Henly, Houlihan, Jacobs, F. Kenny, Kröst, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, M. Kelly, Karasynski, Kirby, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, E. Kenny, Kunart, Layton, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, Maloney, D. Murphy, E. Mitchell, McClure, McErlain, W. S. McDonnell, Marckhoff, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCarrick, McDonnell, McCullough, McFlannery, McDermott, Nester, O'Shea, O'Donnell, Powers, Prelskamp, Phillips, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, Rudd, Ragan, E. Roby, C. Roby, Raney, Sherman, Schillo, Stanton, Schopp, Vinez, Vurpillat, Welsh, Weaver, Wilkin, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Arvidson, Bouer, Bixby, Barbour, Brennan, Baldauf, Ball, Bates, J. Brown, F. Brown, Burkert, G. Brown, Burns, Carney, Casey, Cosgrove, Cullen, Collins, Cheney, Connell, Corcoran, Crawford, Carpenter, Dion, DeLormier, Dillon, Delany, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Eagan, C. F. Fleming, C. S. Fleming, Falk, Finnerty, A. Funke, Foster, Ford, Fitzgerald, Girsch, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gilbert, Griffin, Gerner, Girardin, Gillam, Garfias, Glass, Hagan, Harrington, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Janssen, Joseph, Johnson, Kauffman, Kindler, Kreicker, Kountz, Kinneavy, Kerker, W. Kegler, A. Kegler, LaMoure, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Leonard, Luther, Mahon, Mills, Miles, Major, Mitchell, J. Miller, Meyers, Marr, Minor, Marre, McCarthy, A. McKee, J. McKee, McDowell, McPhee, Martin, H. Nichols, W. Nichols, Nicholson, O'Connor, Oliver, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Payne, Peake, Prichard, Pope, Phillipson, Pomeroy, Regan, Rumely, Rupel, Rogers, Ratterman, Rend, W. Sullivan, Strauss, Shaffer, Sparks, Shimp, Sedwick, G. Sweet, Scholer, Slevin, Sheuerman, Stephens, Smith, Thome, Thorn, J. Tong, O. Tong, Tallon, Thornton, Thomas, Teeters, Trimble, Vorhang, Walker, F. Wensinger, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Yingst, Yeager, G. Zoehrlaut, C. Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allen, Ayers, Ahern, R. Brown, Blumenthal, Burns, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Cornell, Christ, Coulter, O. Crepeau, F. Crepeau, Crawford, Curry, Cross, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Croke, Corry, Curtin, B. Durand, H. Durand, DuBrul, Dugas, S. Donnell, C. Donnell, Everest, Elliot, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Egan, E. Francis, C. Francis, Fossick, Fuller, Finnerty, J. Freeman, B. Freeman, N. Freeman, C. Furthmann, E. Furthmann, Girsch, Walter Gregg, Wm. Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Healy, Hilger, Hoffman, Hathaway, Howard, Holbrook, Higginson, Jones, Jonquet, King, Kern, Krollman, Kinney, Keeler, W. LaMoure, E. LaMoure, Lawton, Loughran, Londoner, Langley, Lowrey, Longevin, Lounsbury, McIntyre, McPhee, McCarthy, McAllister, Morrison, C. Nichols, Ninneman, Oatman, O'Neill, Pieser, Platts, E. Patier, Pratt, Pursell, Ransome, Repscher, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Smith, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Trujillo, Thomas, Tussner, Wolf, Wilcox, White, Weber, Wilson.

Class Honors.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Messrs. Breen, Ball, W. Cummings, M. Kelly, R. Fleming, W. S. McDonnell, Foley, Thome, Beaudry, F. Murphy, Girsch, Harrington, Major, Rogers, Smith, R. McCarthy, Hack, Gerlach.

List of Excellence.

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—Messrs. Ball, Smith, Major; *Arithmetic*—Messrs. Heneghan, Zeitler, Ball, Dorsey, Hack, Strauss, Smith, Rogers; *Grammar*—J. Hack; *Reading*—Messrs. F. O'Neill, Baldwin, Pulskamp, McErlain; *Orthography*—C. Kintzele; *Geography*—Messrs. Hagan, Falk, Baldauf, Miles, Peake, Breen; *United States History*—Messrs. Hagan, Gerlach, Breen, Kenny.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Mrs. J. Clifford, Miss N. Kearns, Class, '88, and Miss M. Condon were among St. Mary's welcome visitors last week.

—The Gospel of the day furnished the text for Father Scherer's sermon on last Sunday, which was replete with salutary lessons to all.

—"When will Very Rev. Father General come to visit St. Mary's?" is the question of the day. His improvement in health awakens a hope that we may soon have the pleasure of offering our greetings and receiving his fatherly blessing.

—The usual order of the day was varied on Tuesday evening by a *musicale*. The programme was well carried out, and proved most entertaining to the privileged audience. The young ladies who took part were the Misses Thirds, Kemme, Klingberg, Grace, Field, Wurzburg, Dempsey, Carpenter and Tormey.

—Rev. Father Corby is a most welcome visitor at St. Mary's, and his kind counsels are cherished by all the pupils. On Sunday last, after the distribution of "good points," he made a few remarks on the necessity of avoiding a fault very common among young people, namely, judging from appearances; and he illustrated his advice by several striking examples. The readers on the occasion were Misses L. Farwell and E. Dennison who, it is needless to say, did full justice to their respective selections.

—On the Feast of the Presentation, November 21, the following young ladies were received as members of the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary: Misses Cooper, A. Butler, Hunt, R. Butler, Black, Patier and E. Burns. On the same occasion eighteen aspirants received the blue badge worn by the candidates for the next reception, namely, Misses Griffith, Kiernan, Wurzburg, Hammond, K. Barry, Burns, Maloney, Grace, M. Kirley, Keating, Charles, Gilmore, Clifford, O'Sullivan, Hellman, McCormick, Bassett, and Kaspar. Rev. Father Scherer performed the ceremony of investiture, and delivered a short instruction on the duties and privileges of a Child of Mary.

—The event of the week, and one most fitting for Thanksgiving week, was a visit from his Grace Most Rev. Archbishop Riordan of San Francisco, who is ever warmly welcomed by all at St. Mary's. The pupils' greetings took the form of an address, presented by Miss K. Morse, and a musical programme, in which the Misses Gibbons, Wile, Ludwig, Nester and the Vocal class took part. The Archbishop then spoke to the young ladies in golden words of counsel never to be forgotten. An informal reception in the Vocal Hall followed, which resulted in a proclamation from His Grace, that an extra recreation day be granted the pupils of St.

Mary's, said *congé* to be enjoyed on Wednesday. The Archbishop was accompanied by Rev. T. O'Sullivan, Rev. F. E. McGavick, of Chicago; Rev. T. E. Walsh, C. S. C. and Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C.

Thanksgiving Day.

The habits and customs of people are always affected, to a great extent, by surroundings. The very atmosphere of some localities seems to exert a modifying influence on the views of those who breathe the prejudices, the opinions and the tendencies there fostered. Nowhere is this local coloring more evident than in the Eastern States, where the old Puritan spirit still dwells, only partially exorcised by the broad, generous minds and hearts of this nineteenth century. The early literature of New England is permeated with it, and mingled with memories of by-gone days come thoughts of those rigid Sabbath mornings when a hush pervaded the land, and a half-smothered laugh from a happy-hearted boy was considered a mark of innate moral depravity; when even the savory odor of the time-honored pumpkin-pie could not give rest to the weary youth, who must sit erect with eyes fixed on the preacher during the delivery of a two hours' homily on the vanities of the world. But there is one day marked in the calendar of New England's holidays that seems to emerge from its gloom-laden sister-days and stand out bright and glowing in the radiance of departing autumn; and this festival is Thanksgiving Day.

The first records we have of this celebration tell us that after years of hardship a plenteous harvest crowned the labors of the Puritan tribes in 1621; as a thank-offering, Governor Bradford recommended a day of thanksgiving and rejoicing. Again, because of some action of the British in favor of the colonists, in June, 1632, Governor Winthrop proclaimed a day of thanksgiving. In Massachusetts from 1632 we hear of like proclamations on the occasion of various marked blessings—such as good harvests, preservation from impending evils, and the safe arrival of ships. During the Revolution, Thanksgiving Day was made a national institution, and, since Congress recommended its annual observance, every year the President, governors and mayors have issued a formal appeal to those under their jurisdiction to set apart one day as a day of thanksgiving, and custom has fixed upon the last Thursday of November for its celebration. Thanksgiving Day! Its very name is suggestive of blessings. On such days the world is linked

in one grand brotherhood; family reunions are held, and little disputes are forgotten; the sunshine of happy memories dissipates the clouds of anger, and charity and peace abound. The custom of keeping Thanksgiving Day came from the East, and from the same region do we get our manner of celebrating it.

In the old Puritan days, the best of the harvest found its place on the Thanksgiving board, which groaned under its load of substantial luxuries. After the never-failing turkey and pumpkin-pie had been duly enjoyed and discussed, all gathered around the huge open fire, and cider, apples and nuts beguiled the listeners, as the older members of the assembly related stories of earlier days, when every hour was fraught with peril, and when want and privation held sway. But as the memory of those days of hardship grows fainter, the special features of the celebration lose their deep meaning, and the festival has lost, in a great measure, its initial dignity. Now it is a mildly religious celebration, characterized by quiet family gatherings, an hour's church service, a turkey dinner and an entertainment of some kind in the evening.

Of late years there has been a move towards making it a day to be remembered among the newsboys, boot-blacks, and others who know little or nothing of life's comforts; and rich merchants take pleasure in contributing towards supplying a good dinner for them, many adding warm clothing to their offerings, having in mind the cold winds of winter, already suggested in the autumn blasts. The happiness thus afforded others must surely bring blessings on those who are generous, and Thanksgiving Day must be more to them than it is to the many who selfishly pick the wishbone at their cosy table, pray fortune for a renewal of the year's blessings, and forget all about the suffering poor.

Catholics have often been called unpatriotic because they do not, as it is claimed, attach enough importance to the observance of Thanksgiving Day. The proclamation of the ruling powers is always obeyed by them; but it is difficult to make it a day of special note, when, to Catholics, every day is one of thanksgiving. Each morning, in all churches and chapels wherever a Catholic priest resides, there is offered a Sacrifice inestimable in value; and one of the ends for which it is offered is that of thanksgiving. The country, the President and all who are in power, are remembered in that Sacrifice, which is an oblation of gratitude for the past, and petition for the present and the future.

The celebration of such festivals as Thanksgiving Day is productive of much good; for anything that tends to bring men closer together in the bonds of charity, and nearer to God by a remembrance of His gifts, is subject for fervent and warm gratitude.

MARY MOYNAHAN.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Alkire, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, Bero, E. Burns, M. Burns, Bell, R. Butler, K. Barry, Brady, M. Barry, Buell, Benz, Black, Brand, M. Byrnes, Byers, Bogart, Call, Carico, Charles, Churchill, Clifford, Crilly, Carpenter, Duffy, Dieffenbacher, Daley, E. Dennison, Ellwanger, Evoy, Fitzpatrick, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Gilmore, Lucy Griffith, Groves, Gibbons, Haitz, Hellman, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hammond, Hanson, Hopkins, Hittson, M. Hess, Hunt, Maude Hess, Johnston, Jewell, Jacobs, M. Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kemme, Kelly, Kasper, Kaufman, Kingsbaker, Kimmell, Kinney, Kiernan, Lynch, Lewis, Ludwig, Londoner, Lennon, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, La Moure, Morse, M. Moynahan, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, Maloney, McGuire, A. Moynahan, M. McDowell, M. McDonald, McCune, M. McCormack, Nacey, Nickel, Norris, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Pinney, Quinn, A. Ryan, Roberts, Rizer, M. Smyth, Sanford, A. Smith, Stewart, A. Seeley, Sena, Shaw, Thirds, Tietgen, Tod, Van Mourick, Van Liew, Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolffe, Whitney, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ford, B. Germain, Hickey, Londoner, Meskill, O'Mara, Pfaelzer, Tilden, Tormey, A. Williams, White, Wolverton, Whittenberger, Wheeler.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, Curtin, Dysart, Egan, Finnerty, Lingard, McCormack, McKenna, A. McCarthy, Palmer, Wormer.

Class Honors.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses M. Fitzpatrick, Morse, Nacey, Nester, Wile.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Bassett, Haitz, Lynch, Moynahan, A. Ryan, K. Ryan, Thirds, Dennison.

2D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Alkire, R. Bero, M. Burns, Butler, Call, Carico, Charles, Churchill, Davis, Dempsey, Field, Green, Kirley, Klingberg, Ludwig, Murison, Norris, Plato, Roberts, Smyth, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Zahm, Kimmell, Tormey.

3D SENIOR CLASS—Misses Clifford, A. Cooper, Duffy, Farwell, Galvin, Hellman, Higgins, Hutchinson, Keating, Morehead, N. Nichols, Maude Hess, Kiernan.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Bogart, Buell, Butler, Dieffenbacher, Evoy, Griffith, Goodell, Hammond, Hunt, Johnson, Kelly, Kemme, Kieffer, Lancaster, Lennon, Lichtenhein, E. McCormack, Maloney, McGuire, B. Nichols, O'Sullivan, Rizer, A. Seeley, Wolffe, B. Davis, Boyle, Meskill, S. Smyth.

2D PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Agney, Benz, Black, Brand, Byers, Crilly, Daley, Kingsbaker, Groves, Hittson, Jacobs, Jewell, Kaspar, Kauffman, Lippel, McDowell, Pinny, Robbins, C. Sena, C. Kaspar, Shaw, Adelsperger, Palmer, Baxter, Curtin, Hickey, Dennison, B. Germain, P. Germain, Hopper, Holmes, N. Smyth.

3D PREP. CLASS—Misses Payne, Augustine, Schmidt, Zucker, Tietjen, Culp, Whittenberger.

JUNIOR PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Cowan, Dreyer, Dennison, Girsch, Kline, B. Londoner, Nacey, Pfaelzer, Schaefer, Smyth, White.

1ST JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Egan, Dysart, Ford, Finnerty.

2D JUNIOR CLASS—Misses Ahern, Buckley, Crandall, Girsch, Kingsley, McCarthy, McCormack, Palmer, Tilden, Wormer, Wheeler, Curtin, Lingard.